

T H E
M A I D O F S O R R O W .

UNHAPPY daughter of Distress and Woe,
Whate'er thy sorrows, and whoe'er thou art:
For thee the tears of Charity shall flow,
Warm from the purest fountain of the heart.

Perhaps, tho' now neglect'd and forlorn,
A parent once survey'd thee with delight;
The idol of the father's heart alone,
Or the lov'd darling of a mother's sight.

For thee, perhaps, they toiled, watch'd, & pray'd;
On thy sweet innocence with transport hung;
And well they thought their tender care repaid,
To hear the artless music of thy tongue.

When dawning Reason shed her ray benign,
And all thy excellence became reveal'd;
How did they see thy op'ning virtue shine.
And hear thy praise with rapture ill-conceal'd!

Some base deceiver, practised to betray,
Might win thy easy faith, destroy thy fame;
Then cast thee like a loathsome weed away,
The sport of Fortune, and the child of Shame.

Poor wand'rer! perhaps thou couldst not find
The liberal hand, the slender gift to spare;
Infatiate Avarice the soul confin'd,
Or timid Prudence disbeliev'd thy prayer.

Then, from the world neglected and forlorn,
Careless of life, and hopeless of relief;
Thy agonizing heart retir'd to mourn,
And breathe its last in unmolested grief.

Unhappy shade! whate'er thy lot has been,
From sin at last, and sorrow thou art free;
Thy debt to Nature it is fully paid,
And wounded Pity pays her debt to thee.